

your beauty and youth ?
 Where are
 your ornaments ? My
 beautiful dawn,
 how can you absent the touch
 of gold
 from your limbs ?

Malini

Mother, there are some
 who are
 born poor, even in a king's
 house.
 Wealth does not cling to those
 whose
 destiny it is to find riches in
 poverty.

Queen

That the child whose only
 language
 was the baby cry should talk
 to me
 in such riddles !—My heart
 quakes in
 fear when I listen to you.
 Where did
 you pick up your new creed,
 which
 goes against all our holy books
 ? My
 child, they say that the
 Buddhist
 monks, from whom you take
 your
 lessons, practise black arts ;
 that they
 cast their spells upon men's
 minds,
 confounding them with lies—
 But I